

A collection of drabbles by pookiestheone

Series: Drabbles [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Unrelated, drabble-ish but perhaps with a bit of a common thread. I may add more to this as I go along

A collection of drabbles

Billy wanted Steve so bad he could almost taste it. In the shower it had taken every ounce of what little control he had not to grab his head and try to force his tongue so far down his throat he would gag, not to pull him so hard towards him that his fingers would leave bruises on his ass. But he had learned long ago that he seldom if ever got what he wanted.

He wanted to be back in California, he wanted his mom back, he wanted a dad that didn't make him cry when no one was looking, a family like he remembered he once had, before everything went to shit. He learned to cope by making others feel as powerless and scared as he was, by living like he didn't give a fuck what happened to him. He eventually found that he couldn't control the rage and anger; that hate was easy because he didn't have to care. And then he discovered that he really didn't give a fuck.

So he could want Steve, but having him, touching him, kissing him was another matter. He had no idea how to fix that and that made him angry again.

Sometimes when Billy looked at him Steve could feel his breath catch and he began imagining all the things he would do to him.

Explore his body with kisses while his fingers danced along finding places that made him shiver and moan. Bite his nipples while his finger probed deep inside. Swallow his cock and suck so hard until he begged to come. Roll him over on his back, push his legs up to his head and fuck him until his eyes rolled back in his head.

When they were done, lying exhausted beside each other, he would just hold him while he stroked that tangled mess of sweaty hair and kissed his neck and he would tell him that everything would be all right, that he didn't always have to fight, that they were together and he would protect him.

Steve's parents had gone away for the weekend leaving him with the

house to himself and only vague warnings so he asked Billy to stay over. It was going to be a lot better than making out in the car on some back road or a blanket on the hard ground. What he hadn't counted on was Billy.

In the middle of the night he was wakened by Billy's hand landing hard against his nose. He shoved it away and turned on his side only to be kneed in the back about fifteen minutes later. He shifted closer to the edge and was just dropping off when Billy almost shout "no", surprising him so much that he started to jump out of the bed. He rolled over and gently shook his shoulder.

"Billy. Billy wake up."

"What? What's wrong?" he asked groggily.

"Are you always like this when you sleep?"

"Like what?"

"So fucking restless and noisy."

"I dunno. I guess. It's just dreams I think."

"Do they scare you or something?"

"Like nightmares? No, why?

"Well you've smacked me on the nose, kneed me in the back and almost made me crap myself."

"I'm sorry. I don't know what I do; I've never slept with someone before. I know my dad sometimes yells at me in the morning and tells me to shut the hell up at night, but ... Do you have a sleeping bag? I can move to the floor. At least I won't hit you then"

"You will not. Come here and turn around."

Billy slid over and spooned himself against Steve who wrapped his arm tightly around him.

"Now go back to sleep."

The rest of the night was quiet and peaceful.